self nearing it. Two tracks seemed to lead | consultation with the post commander, and straight thither, and before he reached it after guard mounting they returned to the were joined by several more. Close to the Colonel's house, where a tall infantry soldier; shandened but the ground was worn smooth | the Provest Sergeant, was awaiting him. and hard: yet in the hollows were accumulations of dust blown from the roadway up still more recent, of Sionx moccasins. Through the solid log walls two small square windows had been cut and narrow slits for rifles, in the days when the occupants had frequent occasion to defend their prairie castle. The opening to the subterranean "keep" was yawning under the eastern wall, its wooden cover having long since been broken up for fuel. Charlton stood a moment within the blackened and

Except for the new footprints it all looked occasion to inspect the interior earlier in anyone could carry away, and he wondered why the Indians should have troubled themselves to dismount and prowl about. An Indian hates a house on general principles, and enters one only when he expects | now, I wonder?" to make something by it. Those recent bootprints, nearly effaced by the moccasins, were doubtless those of some of Blunt's far beyond the swift waters of the Niobraraparty. Curiosity had prompted some timekilling trooper to stroll out here and take a look at the place. The sunshine, streaming in at the open doorway, made a brilliant oblong square upon the earthen floor and are darting about on nimble ponies or, crouchlighted up the grimy interior. The steps | ing prone along the ridges, are eagerly watchcut down to the dark "dugout" were crum- ing a dust-cloud coming northward on the Sidbling away, and it was impossible to see ney road. Behind them, between them and more than a few feet into the passage lead- | the Platte, are the weltering, mutilated bodies ing to the underground fortress, where as a of half a dezen herders and teamsters, and the final resort in Indian siege the little garrison could take refuge. A lantern or a candle would show the way, but Charlton had neither. Taking out his match-case, however, he bent down, struck a light and peered in. Somebody had done the same detour and swooped around to this dangerthing within the last day or two, for there | haunted road, eagerly watching for the coming

STUB ENDS OF TWO MATCHES, just like his, in the dust at the bottom of the steps, and there, too-yes-he lighted another match sud studied it earefully-there was the | Platte, balf a print of cavairy boots going in and coming out did not care to waste time now,

been tethered within two days, and stood there heard. and neighing loudly, in hopes of calling back | landscape 15 years ago. his departing friends. Charlton felt sure that Off to their right front, several miles away,

was evident, then, that the rider had not turned | and is readjusting the girths of his saddle. back from the command until it had marched some distance from the Niobrara; that he had not gone back to the bank where they had been here to this abandoned hovel southeast of the | down in a swale now, whoever it is." trail. Now what did that mean? One other thing the Captain did not fail to note:

THAT HOESE HAD CAST A SHOE. Late as it was when he reached the camp on White River that night-after midnight, as it | had a meaning that is lacking now. proved-Charlton found his young Lieutenant up and any onely awaiting him. When the then the Colonel suddenly exclaims: horses had all been cared for, and the two officers were alone near their tents, almost the first question asked by the Captain was: "Did you give any man permission to ride | graver.

"No, sir," answered Blunt, in some surprise. | eatch us." "No one asked, and every man was in his place when we made our first halt,"

back after you left the Niobrara Friday morn-

Immediately after reveille on Sunday morning, a good hour before the sun was high enough to peep over the tall white erags to the east of ful of his hornes, Capt. Charlton on this bright,

hoofs was keenly scrutinized as he passed along this-he never let a week go by without it. You seem to have had a number reshod with- rifle, Murray." in the last few hours, Sergeaut," he said to Graham, as he stopped at the end of the line. "Yes, sir; I looked them all over yesterday

bare back of his horse and rode in orderly col- | horde of painted savages. umn down to the running stream, and still Charlton stood there silently watching his men | as he leaps from the box. "Hang on to your and noting the condition of their steeds. Blunt | mules!" shouts Cross. "Down with you, men! then looking over at his soldierly Captain. closer. Now!" Something told him that the troop commander HAD MADE A DISCOVERY

even more silent than usual. and the minury people were waking up to the | of savage foes duties of the day. Down the valley, still farther to the east, the smoke was curling from the tiny fires among the Indian topees, and scores of penies were grazing out along the slopes watched by little urchins in picturesque but dirty tatters. All was very still and peaceful. Even the bulking squaws and old men loxfing about the agency storehouses were silent, and patiently waiting for the coming of the clerk with his keys of office. One or two young braves rode by the camp, shrouded in their dark-blue blankets, and apparently careless of any change in the condition of affairs, wet never failing to note that there were 50 horses and soldiers ready for duty there in

Their breakfast finished, Charlton said that he must go at once to the office of the post commander over in garrison, and he might be detained some hours, "It will be well to keep the men here, Blunt, for we may be needed any moment.

And yet, as he was riding away with his Orderly, Charlton stopped to listen to what Serg't

Graham had to say: "Serg't Dawson and Private Donovan wanted particularly to go over to the post for a few hours this morning, and so did some of the others, but I told them the Captain's orders were we should all stay at camp, we were almost sure to be wanted. They were all satisfied, sir, but Dawson and Donovan, who made quite a point of it, and I said I would carry their request to the Captain." And to Biunt's surprise, as well as that of Serg't Graham, the Captain coolly nodded.

"Very well. They've both been doing hard work of late. Tell them to keep their ears open for 'boots and saddles'; otherwise they may stay until noon. After dinner, perhaps, I will give the others a chance in turn." Fifteen minutes later Capt. Charlton was in

Back at the cavalry camp there was no little subdued chat and wonderment among the troopers. Lounging in the shade of the the stream. Around here the pony tracks trees along the stream, and puffing away at were thick, and just within the gaping their pipes, playing cards, as soldiers will, and doorway were footprints in the dust-some poking fun at one another in rough, goodof sparred bootheels and broad soles; one, natured ways, the men were yet full of the still more recent, of Sionx moccasins. one absorbing theme-Fred Waller's most unaccountable disappearance and the loss of so much of their hard-earned money.
"I would have bet any amount," said Corp'l

Wright, "that when the old man"-the Captain is almost always the "old man" to his troops-

RIDE OVER SERG'T DAWSON ROUGHSHOD for letting Waller slip away on his guard; but I listened to him this morning, and he talked to him just like a Dutch uncle. I tell you, dusty doorway and glanced curiously Dawson felt a heap better after it was over. He said the Captain never blamed him at all." Noon came; so did an Orderly, telling Mr. very much as it did when he had first taken | Blunt the Captain wished to see him over at the telegraph office, and to order the horses fed the Summer. There was nothing left that at once. Forty-eight big portions of oats were poured from the sacks forthwith. Dawson and Donovan were not yet back.

"Leave theirs out," said Serg't Graham; "they'll be back presently. This means business again, and no mistake. Where's the trouble

Shall we look and see? Far to the south, far beyond the bold bluff of the White River, "L'Eau qui Court" of the old French trapperfar across the swirling flood of the North Platte, and dotting the northward slopes, swarms of naked, brilliantly-painted red warriors in their long, trailing war bonnets of eagle's feathers, smoking ruins of their big freight-wagons. Like the tiger's taste of blood, the savage triumph in the death of their hapless foes has tempted them far beyond their accustomed limits. Knowing the cavalry to be scouting only north of the Platte, they have made a wide of other white men, who, like the last, should be ignorant of their presence and too few in numbers to cope with such a foe. Here along the

again. Whoever was his predecessor he had crouch and wait. Farther back, equally more curiosity than the Captain. Charlton vigilant, other bands are hiding among had seen prairie "dugont" forts before, and | the breaks and ravines near the river, while their scouts keep vigilant watch for the com-Returning to the open sunshine he made the | ing of cavalry. Forrest's Grays and Wallace's circuit of the house, and on the north side Sorrels cannot be more than a day's ride away, stopped and studied with an interest he had not | and will be hurrying for the road the moment felt before. A stout post was still standing on they know the Indians have slipped around that side, and to this post a cavalry horse had | them. Wallace, up the Platte, has already

long enough to paw and trample the ground all It is 3 o'clock this hot, still Sunday afternoon, that was left of the tools—the iron parts, for did not break the skin, but it made my breast ranks knew it. They were not whipped nor around it. Charleton was cavalryman enough and they have been six hours out from Sidney, the wood had mouldered away. to read in every sign that the steed had been driving swiftly and steadily northward, when, most unwillingly detained. In evident im- as they reach the summit of a high ridge and patience he had twisted twice and again around | stop to breathe their panting team, Col. Gaines that stubborn, bullet-scarred stump, and the takes a long look through his fieldglass. Just troop commander could almost see him, pawing in front is the shallow valley of the little vigorously, tugging at his "halter-shank" and stream now called the "Pumpkinseed," though plunging about his hated but relentless jailor, pumpkins were unheard-of features in the

as the troop rode away some one of the men | lie the low, broad bottom lands of the Platte. had turned back and remained here some little | Across the Pumpkinseed, a mile distant, another ridge, like the one on which they halted, A hundred yards across the prairie was the only not so high; to the westward a tumbling "double-file" trail of the detachment on its sea of prairie upland-all "buttes," ridges, rastraight line for the ridge, and here, only a vines, coulees but not a living soul is anylittle distance out, were the hoof-prints of a | where in sight. Far as his practiced eye can troop horse, both coming and going. Even sweep the horizon and the broad lowlands of more interested now, the Captain went some | the Platte, not a sign of living, moving object distance out across the prairie, and still be can Col. Gaines detect. Turning around he found them. Leaving the hut and following trains his glass upon the torthous road they to overtake the troop the horse had instantly | have been following, and along which the dust taken the gallop: the prints settled that. But | is slowly settling in their wake. Something what struck Capt. Chariton as strange was that | seems to attract his gaze, for he holds the binocle the other tracks-those which were made by steady toward the south. Naturally Capt. the same horse in coming to the hut-were still | Cross and the two soldiers follow with their to be found far out toward the northeast. It | eyes; the third infantryman has dismounted

"What is it?" asks Cross, "I can't make out," is the reply. "Something is kicking up a dust there some miles in camp, as would have been the case had be behind us. A horseman, I should say, though lost or left something behind, but had come | I've seen nobody. Wait a few minutes. He's Everybody turns to look and listen. Those were days when even such things as a single

FOLLOWING IN PURSUIT, Three, four minutes they wait in silence, and

"I have him-a mere dot yet." Presently he lowers his glasses and dusts the lenses with his handkerchief. His face is

"Whoever that is, he's riding for all he's worth," he says. I half believe he wants to

Another long look. Utter silence in the party. A mule in the wheel team gives an impatient shake of his entire system, and chains, tugs and swing-bars all rattle noisily.

"Quiet there, you fool!" growls the driver the little camp, the two officers were out at the angrily, and with threatening sweep of his line superintending the grouming of the horses. | long whiplash. Then the silence becomes in-Fifty men were now present for duty, and 50 tense again, and every man strains his eyes active steeds were tethered there at the picket- over the prairie slopes, shimmering in the heat rope, nipping at each others' noses or nibbling of the July sun. Suddenly an exclamation at the rope itself, and pricking up their ears as | bursts from two or three pairs of bearded lips. the Captain stopped to pat or speak to one after | Faraway, but in plain sight in that rare atmosanother of his pets. Always particularly care- phere, a speck of a horseman darts into view over a distant ridge, sweeps down the slope at sunshiny morning was noting especially the full gallop, and plunges out of sight again in condition of their feet. Every one of those 200 | a low dip of the rolling surface.

"No man rides like that unless there's misthe line. But there was nothing unusual in , chief abroad," mutters Cross coolly, as he swings out of the wagon to the ground. "Give me my

Then, sudden as thunder-clap from Summer sky, with wild, shrill clamor, with thunder of hoofs and sputter of rapid shots; with yell morning. Every shoe is snug and ready now and taunt and hideous war-cry; from the very in case we have to go out. Seven horses were ground itself, from behind every little ridge; reshod yesterday, and over 20 had the old shoes up from the ravines, down from the prairie buttes; hurling upon them in mad, raging race, Grooming over, each trooper vaulted onto the there flashes into sight of their startled eyes a Siftings.

"The Sioux! The Sioux!" yells the driver, was bustling about his duties, every now and | Fire slow! They'll veer when they get in

Bang! goes Cross's piece. Bang! bang! the rifles of the nearest soldiers. The mules plunge or two that had set him to thinking. He was | wildly, and are taugled in an instant in the traces. Over goes the wagon with a erash, At 7 o'clock, after a refreshing dip in a pool | Bang! goes Gaines's big Springfield as he coolly under the willows close at hand, the two offi- spreads himself upon the ground. An Indian cers were scated on their camp-stools and break- pony stumbles and hurls his rider on the turf fasting at the lid of the mess-chest. Over | and Cross gives an exultant cheer. Yet, all the among the brown buildings of the post, half a same, he knows full well that now it is life or mile away, the bugles were sounding mess-call | death. The little party is hommed in by a host

(To be continued.)

Comrades: If you wish for a profitable business, we refer you to the advertisement on page 3, headed "Better than a Pension."

"Gents," [Milwaukee Scatinel.] As to the word "gents," that is a good word, inasmuch as it describes a class that no other word describes. There are persons who are not quite gentiemen, and yet who are not altogether boors; who dress as gentlemen dress, though they are not of gentle breeding, and yet who do not belong to the hearty, natural, ed toil. They have money and they are loud, their way. presuming and offensive to gentle souls, and they claim to be gentlemen. In respect of some things they show indications of gentlemauliness; in respect of others they are vulgar. The term "gents," falling short of the term

gentlemen," is a very good term to apply to them. Force of Habit. [Lippincott's Magazine.] Clerical-looking personage enters the restau-Waiter-"What will you have, sir?"

Rev.-"Steak, please. Waiter-"How will you have it?" Rev., absent-mindedly-" Well done, thou good and faith --- ahem!"

"All He Had Left," [Burlington Free Press.] Woman (to tramp)-You seem to have a good

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

Tramp-Yes, madam; that is all I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own

[All the Year Round.] Sir Astley Cooper gives an account of a remarkable instance of cerebral eccentricity. A soldier who had been wounded in the head fell into a long stupefaction, until he was restored to speech by an operation in the hospital. But when he did speak it was in an unknown tongue, which none about him could understand. By and by a Welshwoman was brought into the hospital, and she at once recognized the language of the sick soldier as her own tongue. He had not been in Wales for 30 years, yet he now spoke his long-forgotten language fluently, and could, in fact, not recollect any other. And strange to say, when completely recovered, the English came back to him and the Welsh was once more forgotten. Dr. Carpenter tells of another case almost as remarkable. A man who had left Wales in his childhood had so entirely forgotten his native tongue that he could not

Cerebral Eccentricities.

even understand his compatriots when they

visited him. But during an attack of fever this

same man, after 60 years forgetting, spoke in delirium continuously in Welsh. On recovering health he again lost the language. Even at the very entrance of the "Valley of Shadow" the memory plays strange tricks. Goethe told Eckermann that he once knew an old man who in his very last moments began to recite beautiful Greek sentences. These he had been made as a boy to learn by heart for a special purpose, but for 50 years had not uttered them. They were there in his memory, though, all the same, and some unexplainable cerebral action suddenly gave them form and expression. A dying peasant was heard by Dr. Steinbeck to pray in Greek and Hebrew. Questioned about it when conscious, he said that as a boy he had often heard the parish priest use the same words, without knowing what they meant. As Hustrating phenomena of memory of another sort, we may recall the case of Linnous, who, in decay of his memory in old age, was delighted by the reading of his own works without recognizing them. Not to go so far away, there is the experience of Sir Walter Scott as related by Lockhart. The "Bride of Lammermoor" was composed and published while Scott was confined to a sickbed; and he assured Ballantype that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained. He recollected allethe incidents of the story upon which the romance was founded, but "he literally recollected nothing else; not a single character woven by the romancer; not one of the many scenes and points of humor, nor anything with which he was connected as ridge, north of the little "branch" of the the writer of the work." A still more remarkable case of lapse of memory in another way is related by Dr. Pritchard. A man was engaged in splitting wood with a mallet and wedge. Previous to going home in the evening he hid his tools in a hollow tree, and told his sons to go for them in the morning. But the same night be became insane. Several years afterward his reason returned suddenly, and his first question was whether his sons had brought home the tools. They told him they had not been able to find them, whereupon he rose, went

[Kansas City Times.] A popcorn vender on one of the streets near the Junction is turning a pretty penny, while it seems that another engaged in the same trade is not doing so well. A daily patron of the successful merchant, after buying his sack of corn yestarday, asked:

"Why is it that you don't keep one stand? Yesterday you were nearly two blocks down the street, and the day before you were at some other place. Why don't you get one place and keep it, and you will have a regular custom?' The Italian responded after persuasion:

"No regular customas. People-a-buya when da tink of it. Passa one man and buya of anotha. Seea Mericanna down street? He popa corn slow, cause nobody buy. Wind blows from him to me. Mana passa him comin' up street, smell popcorn and tink he lika buy, but no time goa back. Den he seea me ana buy. Mana goin' down street smell de corn before he reacha me, stopa, ana buy. To-morrow maybe wind blows other way. Is go below oths man. Him maka de appetite, I sella de corn. Him tinka staya one place people know him and he gota all trade. People know nobody but daselfa."

Out of the Mouth of Babes,

[Kansas City Star.] Six little children were at play, and whether it was they grew tired of familiar games or that that innate principle, "It is not good for man to be alone" craved expression, they determined to have a wedding. John, aged 8, should marry Hattie, aged 5, and brother Harry would speak the "words that bind."

Now, Harry had never heard a marriage ceremony and was entirely ignorant of the prevalent pledges; but was he at a loss? Not he. He knew what Papa and Mamma considcred of paramount virtue, and surely what they each so eagerly desired must constitute the requisite of a happy married life. The candidates for wedlock were requested

to stand side by side, and gravely obeyed. "Hattie, will you get up in the morning and see that John has his breakfast in time, and that he has good things to eat and never has to wait for his meals?"

"John, will you give her all the money she

Lovely Woman. Love is an excuse for a woman to tell you all her troubles.—Exchange. The greatest of all poetry is a girl's first loveletter. - Merchant Traveler. Landladies are famous gossips; they pay great attention to roomers.-Boston Post.

It is considered a pretty serious charge to bring against a woman to say that she means all she says.—Exchange. Poor woman; if her husband blows his nose he wakens the baby, and if the baby cries it wakens him .- Atchison Globe.

ing her in a buggy with a seat just wide enough for two .- Somerville Journal. An old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer."-Texas

A sulky girl may sometimes be cured by tak-

How Lew Wallacs Called to Arms. [Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The following handbill was recently exhibited at the Reunion of the 11th Ind. at Crawfordsville. It was issued the day after President Lincoln made his call for 75,000 men : WAR!

The President of the United States having called out the militia to the number of 75,000, and six regiments being assigned from Indiana for IMMEDIATE SEVICE. an opportunity is now offered to volunteers in de-

fense of the Union and Government. Those who are willing to defend the Stars and Stripes will call at the Guards' Armory in Crawfordsville, where the books are now open.
Raily to the flag of our country.
LEW WALLACE.

The Old Vet's Chew. An old veteran without any arms walked along First avenue south yesterday in company with his wife, says the Minneapolis Tribune. Of a sudden the man stopped, and turning to

his companion, said: "Mary, gimme a chew." This seemed like a very singular request to make, but the woman appeared not at all disconcerted. Putting her hand into her husband's vestpocket she extracted a plug of tobacco and held it up to the veteran's lips. The latter took genuine and unpretentious sons of horny-hand- a goodly "chew," and the pair proceeded on

> Cure for the Deaf. Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions PERFECTLY Tecks fat the course of the co 14th St., N. Y. Bend for illustrated book PREE. He Was,

> [Boston Transcript.] Anxious Wife-"Tell me, doctor, is John out of danger?" Conscientious Physician-"I wouldn't like to say that your husband is actually out of danger, Mrs. Greenleigh, but he is-er-dead."

> A Gift for You! We have 10,000 warranted watches to give away. Do you want one? It will cost you nothing at all if you will send us a club of only ten yearly subscribers to THE NATIONAL TEIB-UNE.

Every man who wore the blue, and every friend of his, should take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It gives more and better matter than any other family weekly paper, and costs only two cents a week.

STORY OF A CANNONEER.

(Continued from 1st page.) retreat there must have been at least 200 of the enemy's infantry shooting at him at distances ranging from four to ten rods. As it was, he got hit in four or five places, though not crippled. Some time afterward he explained to one of the men who asked him about it, that he "simply wanted to divert their fire from the drivers and horses of the gun, and the only way to do it was to draw

their whole volley on himself. The fearless fellow made this explanation in the most commonplace manner, as if he did not see anything remarkable in it, more than an ordinary incident of battle. But to me it seemed like the tale of Arnold Winkelreid at Mortgarten! In spite of all this one of the drivers on this last gun was shot in the back as they started off, and though he stuck to his saddle until the gun came up with us in the streets of the town, he fell off there, and afterward, I think, died of his wound. I do not know why the battery was left so long in this exposed position, after all the other troops on both sides of us had begun to retire, unless it was because we, being on higher ground, were more plainly visible than any of the rest, and Gen. Doubleday wanted to maintain SOME SHOW OF HOLDING THE POSITION TO

THE LAST MOMENT. I remember that that was the theory of the older men, and they were generally right in such things. However, we got off at last, even if it was by the skin of our teeth, and before sundown we were in position again on the north brow of Cemetery Hill. The excitement of the fighting had now passed away temporarily, and after hunger had been dispelled by a slice of cold boiled pork and three or four hardtack, washed down with water-for there was no opportunity to make coffee-I began to "take account of stock." Of course, in the tremendous excitement and fierce activity of the final struggle, when every man was straining every nerve, and every gun being fired at will as fast as it could be loaded, I had no opportunity to notice who was hit. It was in these few minutes, and while we were retreating into | as a "veteran" would be sufficiently establishthe town, that the bulk of our losses occurred. And when we had arrived at our new position on Cemetery Hill, out of range, and got a chance to draw a long breath, I was appalled at the number who had disappeared from the last of the struggle. Some of the men said he subsequently died of their wounds, about 12 | Eleventh Corps had behaved well enough to to the field where he had been working years bullet that tore through the breast of my jacket ered itself with glory, and every man in its before, and took out of their hiding-place all

One Made the Appetite, the Other Sold the Corn. with the teams, had been handled quite as held their ground against superior numbers; roughly as the men. We had got away with that they had punished the enemy terribly any more in the rest of the battle. One caisson their wheels or axle-trees smashed by shot, so that the drivers abandoned them and came off with the limber-chests alone. Of the horses, about 12 had been killed outright, and several more were so badly hurt that

THEY HAD TO BE SHOT TO "PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY."

The near horse of the "swing team" on our gun, which I rode in the retreat, the driver being wounded, was one of these. He had been hit in the side with a piece of shell-which could not have missed my leg more than two inches-just as we swung into the Cashtown road. I felt him fifnch under me as the iron struck him, but he did not fall, and between my own urging and the help of the lead horse we pulled him through until the halt, when he was cut out of the team. As his entrails were protruding from the wound, the Corporal shot him at once with his revolver to put him out of his misery; and that left only four horses on our gun.

As this loss of 36 men was out of a total of 80-odd present for due in the morning, with both of the commissioned officers hit, and one of them permanently disabled, while nearly half our horses were hit and one-third of our guns and half our caissons destroyed or dis-

* Since this account was prepared I have noticed that Gen. Doubleday, in his History of Gettysburg, (see Doubleday's Gettysburg, page 155,) says: "It was said that during the retreat of the artillery one piece of Stewart's battery did not limber up as soon as the others. A rebel officer rushed forward, placed his hand upon it, and presenting a revolver at the back of the driver, directed him not to drive off with the piece. The latter did so, however, received a bollet in his body, caught up with the battery, and then fell dead," But Gen. Doubleday also says that he "had no opportunity to verify

Gen. Doubleday's relation seems at variance with mine as above given, I was not in Stewart's halfbattery, and so depend for my version on the state ments of the other boys, which I give from memory. But I think my version is the correct one. The wheel-driver" on that gun was certainly shot in the back as they moved off. It was, as I recollect Uri Palmer, and he was unable to sit in his saddle when the gun got into the town. But my recollecion was that he did not "fall dead," as Gen. Doubleday says, but was mortally wounded, and lived several days. At least, he was still alive when we retook the town in the evening of July 4. But I do not think that any "rebel officer put his hand on the gun." So far as I remember, no rebel hand was ever laid on any gun of Stewart's battery in any battle of the war, from Bull Run to Appomattox. This is a matter of no historical importance in the general sense, but in the particular history of the outtery it is all-important; because it was always

SHE WAS A VIRGIN BATTERY! Because, though in battle many times and in the wide-open jaws of death more than once, not one of her bright guns had ever been deflied by the

touch of a rebel hand! I do not like to dispute a statement of Gen. Doubleday, but, qualifying my statement by the remark that I do not pretend to have personally witnessed the limbering up of the right half-battery on the north side of the cut, and depending for my facts on the statements of the other boys as I remember them, I assert that no rebel officer or man laid his hand on any gun of Stewart's battery at Gettysburg. He could not have done so without stepping over the "Old Man's" corpse—and the 'Old Man" was a good ways from being a corpse, and, though "slightly disfigured" by three or four wounds, was "still in the ring," by a large majority.-AUTHOR.

Do You Want

Haif the price of tin or shingles. Guaranteed water-tight on flat or steep surface, and you or your man John can put it on, Sample free if you mention Tuz NATIONAL TRIBUSE. STATE SIZE OF ROOF.

Indiana Paint & Rooting Co., 42 W. Broadway, New Mention The National Tribuna.

abled, I think it will be agreed that it was a pretty rugged experience for the first battle in

which I had actually been under fire. And it must be borne in mind that all this terrific execution had been done in the last half hour of the fight, and most of it in five or six minutes, when we were exposed to a close and deadly fire of infantry in front and on the left and an enfilade by three or four batteries at close range on the right. It may have been about 5 o'clock when we

got fairly into our new position on Cemetery Hill. It was much like the one we had taken up in the morning, in that it was in a certain sense in reserve; that is, it was considerably behind the advance line, and there was both artillery and infantry in some force ahead of us, and we were on about the highest ground the position afforded. We all expected that the enemy would attack our new position at once. It was plainly to be seen from the hill that fresh troops of theirs were coming up all the time, particularly from the north, or along the Carlisle road. Two boars of daylight remained, and it was but natural to suppose that the rebels would be flushed with their success in the battle of the forepart of the day on Seminary Ridge. But the day waned apace, the sun went down behind the ridge we had contested so desperately in the morning, and there were no signs of attack, but from our elevated position we could see the rebel troops as they came in from the north deliberately deploying in our front or filing off toward the valley of Rock Creek on our extreme right, so that their intention to go on with the concert was unquestionable; but after the sun went down we flattered ourselves that they wanted a good night's rest the same as we did, and, if that was the case, we did not care how soon they might wake us up in the morning. As I have previously remarked, there was always a great deal of "public opinion" in the Army of the Potomac, together with an adequate ability to express it. So, as soon as the danger of an immediate attack appeared to have passed, the men began to discuss the events of the day and probabilities of the morrow. To me these discussions and criticisms of the old veterans were always the most interesting part of the experience of soldiering, and at that time I longed for the day when my own status ed to warrant me in taking part in these debates. I have seen it stated in descriptions of

that battle since the war that

at the end of the first day," but I know that ranks. The Second Lieutenant was gone, hav- to be untrue. It is true that the First Corps ing received three severe wounds at the very | and the Eleventh had been driven out of their positions in the morning and forced to take up had fallen into the hands of the enemy, but new ones, but the rawest recruit in the ranks that turned out to be a mistake. Three men | could see that the new position was much had been killed outright that we knew of, and stronger than the old one, and we all knew that 33 wounded, of whom three fell into the hands | reinforcements had come up amounting to of the enemy, and were never afterwards heard | nearly twice the force that had sustained the of, while of the rest that got off, four or five unsuccessful contest of the morning. The were permanently disabled, and 12 or 13, who partly redeem themselves from their disgrace were less severely hurt, tied up their own at Chancellorsville, and that, as our Orderlywounds with tent-cloths or whatever rags they | Sergeant remarked, was "raising - for the could get, and remained with the guns. The | Eleventh Corps." But the old First had covsore for several days; but I was not reported | defeated; they did not feel that they had among the wounded. The guns and caissons, been beaten, because they knew that they had all the guns, but two of them were so disabled and that they had finally made an orderly by their carriages being hit or pointing rings and respectable retreat to a much stronger being broken, etc., that we could not use them | and better position. The reflection that nearly half their number had been left dead or had been hit with a shell and blew up, and just | crippled in the meadows and pastures over bebefore we got into the town three others had | youd the other ridge, had lost the keen edge of its sadness to such veterans as they were, whom long familiarity with battle and slaughter had taught that the proper place for sentimentality in war is at a long distance in the rear. There was not much disposition among the men to criticize the manner in which they had been handled during the day. Some of them thought that the Twelfth Corps ought to have been put into the fight on Seminary Ridge as soon as they arrived on the field, instead of stopping as they did on Cemetery Hill and quietly watching the rebels murder us almost within musket-shot. And generally their idea was that a more energetic Commander-in-Chief, having three army corps within six miles of a battle that began almost at sunrise, would have managed to get some of them under fire before dark, particularly on one of the longest days of the year! It was not easy to make the old warriors of the First Corps understand the sort of tactics that made them reach the field from the Marsh Creek Bridge in time to fight eight hours and lose half their number while the Twelfth should come from Two Tavernsnot much farther away-only in time to witness their final struggle for existence at a safe distauce. And, so far as I know, that still remains to be explained. However, the old First was not whipped, and barring the frightful gaps in its ranks, I almost feel like declaring that its remains were actually in better heart at the end of the first day than at the beginning. At all events, we knew that, except the cavalry skirmishing early in the morning, we had done all the fighting of the day worth mentioning, and we were almost as proud of the record as we would have been of a victory.

Such was the "state of public opinion" in the ranks of the old First Corps, as far as I had opportunity to ascertain it, when at roll-call it was announced that Gen. Newton, of the Sixth Corps, had been placed in command, vice Reynolds, killed. This met the instant disapprobation of the men. Newton was a man they did not know. The corps had already been commanded for several days by Gen. Doubleday, of the Third Division, in consequence of Gen. Reynolds being placed in command of the whole left wing of the army after crossing the Potomac, and he had actually taken command by seniority when Reynolds fell. Gen. Doubleday had the reputation among the men of his division of being an austere man, not calculated to excite much enthusiasm, but in handling the corps that day he displayed skill and courage which the dullest private could not help commending; and he had, moreover, exposed himself all day in plain sight of the troops with a reckless gallantry which never fails to win the affection of soldiers, no matter what may be the other qualities of an officer. Hence, the men considered Doubleday entitled to the command of the corps, and they were disgusted when they learned that a stranger had been put over them.

(To be continued.) Comrades: If you wish for a profitable business, we refer you to the advertisement on

page 3, headed "Better than a Pension." Wholesale Mesmerizing. In one of the law courts of Helsingborg, Sweden, a queer case of hypnotism has puzzled the Judges. A young medical student brought suit against a practicing physician in the town for having hypnotized him. Several witnesses appeared and they all gave the most contradictory and astounding testimony. Hereupon s medical gentleman astonished the court with the announcement that his confrere, the defendant, had hypnotized the witnesses and made them say just whatever he liked. Finally the court adjourned the case and appointed a commission to see if the entire crowd were not

No Relationship Existing. [Society.] "Uncle Pete, were you ever a slave?" "Befo' de wah, yes, chile." "What is your last name?"

"The same as the President's?" "Yes, chile. But he ain't no relation ob Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?

"Harrison, sah."

Do you suffer from Dyspepsla, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biltonsness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, SS Warren St. New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Flora-plecion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day. A Daniel Come to Judgment.

A Nebraska Justice has discharged a man accused of stealing an umbrella on a rainy day, on the ground that he acted in self-defense. A Gift for You!

We have 10,000 warranted watches to give away. Do you want one? It will cost you nothing at all if you will send us a club of only ten yearly subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIB-

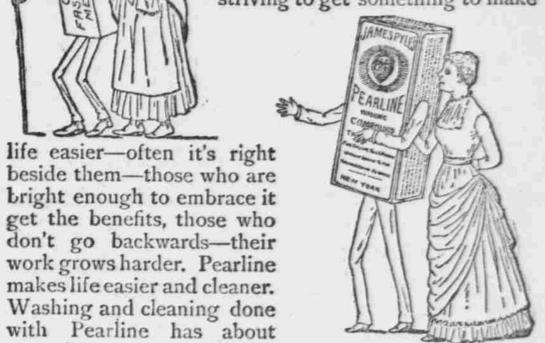
"Betsy, an old colored cook, was mourning around the kitchen the other day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not 'zactly," said Betsy. "But the fac' is, I don't feel ambition nough to get out of my

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great papers of the country. The best way to help all veterans is by getting it more subscribers.



What a Difference

between the WOMAN who is wedded to old-fashioned ideas and she who is bright enough to appreciate a new one. Everybody is striving to get something to make



Washing and cleaning done with Pearline has about enough work in it to make it good exercise—but not enough to tire the body or ruffle the temper.

Not ours, but the word of the millions who use it as

to whether it hurts the hands, clothes or paint—probably your neighbors can tell you all about PEARLINE.

Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Peddled and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline the honsest



The Grandest Premium Evr Offered. One of the best telescopes in the world. Through a combination of circumstances we have been able to purchase a large number of powerful Field Telescopes at the greatest bargain ever known. In order to further increase the circumstance of our periodicals, we shall give them free to new subscribers. Send \$1 and known as among the best in America, and well werth their moderate subscription price of \$1 a year. Safedelivery of telescopes guaranteed. We pay all extra they readily sold them for \$3.5 and operands each. Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our space is limited, but we will give a very few words of description. It is a German, Iombie Size, Best Solid Errors Field Telescopes As large as a convenient to carry. Made up of \$2.5 separate pieces, put tegether in strongest momer and finished in highest style. The brase work is some 3 feet or some 3.5 inshes long. Strongest and most durable. The lenses are very powerful, hand ground and hand pointshed crystals. Such high power telescopes have been constanted crystals. Such high power telescopes are the some 3 feet or some 3.5 inshes long. Strongest modes durable. The lenses are very powerful, hand ground and hand pointshed crystals. Such high power telescopes are the constanted crystals. work is some 3 feet or some 3.6 inches long. Strongest and most durable. The lenses are very powerful, hand ground and hand potlahed crystals. Such high power telescopes have heretofore sold at prices above the reach of the munses; but now we have just what is
wanted and within the means of all. All will find this instrument invainable. Farmers and herdenen can see their animals when miles
away, hunters can see their gaine at a great distance, the burdet can bring distant mountains and cities almost to his feet, and can see
all sorts of objects which, otherwise he could know nothing of, from their great distance. What are supposed to be mountains or exsinct volcanic craters on the moon, can electrly be seen. It is a splendid instrument for the study of the heavens, thousands of stars, invisible to the naked eye, being brought clearly into view. You can see what all the people are doing for miles around whenever you
care to look. Many have paid great prices for telescopes, inferior to this one. Greatest article in world for trading purposes. Many get
as much as \$1.6 in value, out of one of these telescopes, in a trade. No such bargain ever known in the world hereuniters, and probably such a chance will not again occur. The money will be returned to those who order after all are gots. Those who delay will fall
to secure one of these splendid circumpes. Cash must accompany all orders. 10,000 of these telescopes are already in the hands of
the people; they receive the highest preases from all. Address, TRUE & CO., Publishers, Augusta, Maine.

Mention The Autional Tribune. Mention The National Tribuna.



Do you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both ments and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fulness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in the morning, fiesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languar in the morning and a constant feeling of dread as it something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms send 40 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD. druggist, 1226 Niagara Street, BUFFALO N Y., who will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take and easy directions, which if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter now had you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (51) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will care you. "Mr. Stoddard is an honest man." — Publisher The The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention." Say where you saw this adv.



Mention The National Tribuna.

We recommend this watch to any one who desires a loss priced watch that combines SERVICE with durability Kindly mention this paper when you order. Mention The National Tribuna

18k. Rolled Gold Rings Friendship Ring. By mail, Eight cents Chased Ring.



Henri

Ring.

We warrant all the above rings to be best 18k rolled gold. These rings are regular One Dolla rings. We send the above at the special price given under each article, in order to introduce on great flustrated catalogue of jewellery, sent free with the goods. Postage stamps taken as cash, but silver preferred. Send slip of paper just the size of your fluser. Address J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, NEW YORK.

BLANCARD'S PILLS IODIDE OF IRON.

Specially recommended by the Academy of Medicine of Paris for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S-EVIL, CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, POORNESS OF THE BLOOD, CONSUMPTION (IN ITS EARLY STAGES) and for regulating the periodic course. None genuine unless signed "BLANCARD, 49 rus Bonaparte, Paria" SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. R. Fougerade Co., N. Y. Agents for the U. S.

The White Horse & Red Headed Girl Here is the white herse, the where is the rad hair? Look sharp; hunt around for it's certainly there. Here you have a nice silve watch charm, and by touching a string year can see the red headed girl, which ber; that is the fun of it. Just the thing for fairs, and street men. Sample by mail. I Scents, 2 for 125 cents, I dosen \$1.00. E NASON CO.

21 Ann Street, New York. Mention The National Tribuna

VICTORY AT LAST! Self-threading Sewing Needles The Blind can use them. Invaluable for failing sight. Finest needle made. Millward's Gold Eyes; do not cut the thread. Sample paper lie.; 3 for 25 c.; 12 for soc. NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY MP'6. Co., 24 Portland Street, Boston, Mass. Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking lines hooks marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 15c. Club of eight, \$1.00. RAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn. Mention The National Tribuna

NONTH to distribute circulars only; Salaries pake nonthy. Sample of our goods and contractfree vess. UNION SUPPLY Co., 25 & 28 River St., Chicago Mention The National Tribuna CIGARS I sample box [100] of our Premium Nickel Cigars for \$2.25 (express charges prepaid) to introduce them. Try a Box. b. o. Gallean & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Mention The National Tribuna. FITS Epilepsy, a positive home treatment. I insure a papil and entire cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. DR. KRUSE, M. C., 2848 Arsenal St., St. Lonio, No.

Mention The National Tribuna CARDS.

den Name CARDS and Colored Pictures. cards) I Aut. Album, I Ring, I Metai Whinle, I Collar Briton, I She'n Zephyr Worand, 17d. Luce & Agt's Complete Outils, all for Toe. ALLING & CO., Durham, Com-Mention The National Tribusa

Christmas Cards, no two alike, by mail, for 25c, They will please you. NEW ENGLAND NOV. Name on 25 Fringe& Plush Floral Cards I Album 300 Album Pictures, &c., 1 Lace Pir, 1 Ring & Agt's large outfit, 10c. Glon Card Co., Clintonville, Cons.

Mention The Nationa, Tributa-CARDS NEW MANY LE BOOK of Richles Norms, Hill Prings Co. Mention The National Tribuna.

Mention The National Tribus

NAME on 50 Cards, Gilt Edge, White Dove, Fringe and Hidden Name, 10c, FROST CO., East River, Conn. Mention The National Tribune.

YOUR NAME on 50 Chromo, &c., Cards and PRES-Mention The National Tribune.

NAME on 32 Fancy Shapes ALL HIDDEN NAME CARDS and Agent's Outfit, 10c. NEPTUNE CO , Fair Haven, Conn. Mention The National Tribune.

NAME on I HANDKERCHIEF & 19 Hidden Name HAML, &c. Cards, 400 allmin verses, pictures, games &c., 1 penell, 1 orager, I pen & halder, all 10c. Clinton & Co., North Haves, Coan. secution Inc National Tribuna.

YOU WANT the Most Beautiful set of Sample Cards ever seen send to Steam Card Works, Northford, Cons. Mention The National Tribune. 978 Hidden Name, Silk Friege, Hardryn Carle, Ac., 100 Lainei Smept, 20 Silbanyalah Franken, Tel Granden, and New Hample Sink of Genetics Cheb. Fact shirten.) All mile & beals. MCHR & FOOTE, CARLE, GHOM.

Mention The National Tribuna

MEY Hole in the Door, or See a Young Lady Seriou. This Stack Stelly Historical and our New Stempin Lands by 1995. All Monic Ser. Published and our New Stempin Lands Ser. All Monic Ser. Mention The National Tribuna.